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Shadows of Wasteland



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Chapter 1 by TheRadNinja

As I sat looking out the window of the shuttle I realized something, that I would never see my family, freinds, or home again. You see I was framed for committed a crime I didn't commit. Some martian got killed and I was framed. I was going to be sentanced to death but instead they gave me a worse punishment I am being sent to Earth as a scavanger. The scavangers are mostly criminals who escaped the death penalty and were sent to Earth to look through the endless piles of trash and the enormous deserts where people say the oceans (what ever that is) once were.

The worst part is that there is no water on Earth. The water has dried up after years of being used in nuclear power plants and laser weaponry making large lakes of radio active waste. Although there is water on the shuttle when that runs out we will be on our own finding anything we can to stay hydrated

The shuttle landed and we set up our camp and that's when I found it. A small round shiny stone attached to a ring of gold I picked it up and put in in my pocket not daring to show anyone.

Chapter 2 by ao_sakura



Us crime "committers" did not realize what our own people were doing. I heard rumors and plan of why we came here. We were sent here as experiments to see how we survive and are being monitored, meaning that although they charged me of, they can still brand me as a criminal

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As I thought about this it made me feel like I was a banesnare. A filthy creature that is captured by my fellow martians used to commute. With chains around my neck and feet, I knew I had nowhere to go but they did not know I had a plan in mind.

Chapter 3 by NewShamu



Night fell, and I noticed that the moon looked much different from the surface of the wasteland. The stars, too, formed patterns that I did not recognize. As I gazed up into the darkness, I wished I could go back to the station, to escape this lifeless shell of a planet. But try as I might, my wish was not granted and soon the sky began to grow lighter. I sighed, knowing that I only had one shot at even having a chance to survive.

With a yawn, I stood up, stretched, and brushed myself off. At least the air seemed breathable here. Determined, I turned towards the lightest part of the sky to see the sun begin to rise. Despite knowing that I would probably die alone out here, I took the time to admire the view.

"Time to make a friend," I said.

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